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Perkiomen Valley

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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 16.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. JANUARY 22, 1891.

WHOLE NUMBER, 814

RAILROADS.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.36 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.02 a. m.
Market.....	1.10 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.10 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Milk.....	7.39 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.02 a. m.
Market.....	3.30 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.47 p. m.
SUNDAYS—SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.36 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.02 a. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	9.38 a. m.
Milk.....	5.32 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

SHORT AND DIRECT ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, THE SOUTH AND WEST.

On and after Nov. 16, 1890,

TRAINS LEAVE COLLEGEVILLE (Via Perkiomen R. R., connecting at Perkiomen Junction) as follows:

For PHILADELPHIA—week days, 6.36, 8.02, a. m., 1.10, 4.16, p. m. Sundays, 6.36, a. m., 4.20, p. m.

For NEW YORK—week days, 6.36, 8.02, a. m., 1.10, 4.16, p. m. Sunday, 6.36, a. m.

For PHILADELPHIA, POTTSVILLE AND READING—week days, 8.02, a. m., 4.16, p. m. Sundays, 6.36, a. m.

Trains for Baltimore, Washington, the South and West, via B. & O. R. R., leave Girard Avenue Station (P. & R. R.) at 4.16, 8.01, 11.27, a. m., 1.34, 4.54, 5.55, 7.23, p. m. Sundays, 4.16, 8.01, 11.27, a. m., 4.24, 5.55, 7.23, p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Week days—Express, 9.00, a. m., 2.00, 4.00, p. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—Express, 9.00 a. m., Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

RETURNING, LEAVE ATLANTIC CITY.

Depot, corner of Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues.

Week days—Express, 7.30, 9.00, a. m., 4.00, p. m. Accommodation, 8.05 a. m., and 4.30 p. m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, p. m. Accommodation, 7.30 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

C. G. HANCOCK, Pres. and Gen. Manager.

JURORS FOR MARCH.

The following one hundred and forty-four names of jurors were recently drawn from the newly filled wheel, for one week of criminal and one week of civil court:

CRIMINAL COURT, MARCH 2.

GRAND JURY.

Irwin B. Hartzell, Franconia.
Jonathan B. Wolf,
Emanuel Wentz, Abington.
Charles M. Nobilit,
Josiah S. Pierce, Lower Merion.
William H. Prutz, Lansdale.
H. R. Hunsicker, Upper Providence.
Edwin Krause, Upper Hanover.
William A. Reddington, Bridgeport.
John Sherry, Norristown.
A. M. Berkey,
Thomas Altman,
Paul J. Kugler, Lower Merion.
William Tolan, Conshohocken.
Thomas Layman, Gwynedd.
John K. Light, Conshohocken.
Thomas McMahon, Abington.
George Wolf, Plymouth.
John H. Berge, Franconia.
George W. Hallowell, Moreland.
William Ford, Horsham.
Samuel Elfrigg, Lansdale.
Milton M. Hauck, Frederick.
Edwin C. Arnold, Norristown.

PETIT JURY.

John Beard, Jr., Norristown.
Charles McGlathery,
John Hallman,
Winfield S. Marston,
Henry Schroeder,
Allen J. Barrett,
Allen Bickling,
Joseph Kulp, Lower Providence.
John S. Moore, Limerick.
Edwin Ambler, Plymouth.
Mahlon J. Ensigning, Pottstown.
Daniel B. Moyer, New Hanover.
Jonas B. Frederick, Suderton.
John E. Seisholtz, Pottstown.
Charles Dager, Horsham.
John Brower, Pottstown.
Charles C. Siffer, Springfield.
John F. Ledeser, Lower Salford.
Jeremiah B. Shelly, Upper Salford.
Louis K. Graver, Pottstown.
Seth T. Walton, Moreland.
Charles N. Packard, Lower Merion.
Frank Hamer, Whitmarsh.
Daniel N. Roeder, East Greenville.
Lemuel Curry, Cheltenham.
William Barrett, Upper Merion.
J. Beans Goeunier, Abington.
C. J. Buckley, Perkiomen.
Allen C. Bieler, Upper Hanover.
John Klair, Norristown.
Hugh Holmes, West Conshohocken.
Albert Keyser, Lower Providence.
Frank Raynor, Cheltenham.
William H. Jones, Pottstown.
James M. Crawford, Whitmarsh.
John P. Dettler, Skippack.
Jonas Christman, New Hanover.
C. F. Barndt, Lansdale.
John S. Buchanan, Ambler.
Walter A. Shoemaker, Abington.
John B. Latts, Pottstown.
Thomas Rogers, Upper Merion.
Jonathan H. Gerhart, Douglass.
Nathaniel Moyer, Upper Providence.
S. K. Anson,
Septimus Kriebel, Towamencin.
William W. H. Sones, Conshohocken.
Nathan F. Zern, New Hanover.
William Kerper, Springfield.
J. Morris Bissling,
John H. Davidson, Whitpain.
Patrick Sheridan, Bridgeport.
Joseph P. Fisher, Woregport.
Mordcait West, Bridgeport.
Frank W. Hallowell, Abington.
James Knox, Plymouth.
Hudson Wakefield, Abington.
Frank Titlow, Lower Merion.
D. M. Fulmer, Upper Providence.

Evon Brooke, Lower Pottsgrove.
CIVIL COURT, MARCH 9.
TRAVELER JURY.
Gottshall R. Berge, Skippack.
Frank S. Tyson, Lower Salford.
Frank J. Cascaden, Lower Merion.
Henry Stearly, Upper Providence.
Henry H. Hunsicker, Perkiomen.
Benjamin H. Ruth, Lower Salford.
Joseph P. Dillon, Lower Merion.
F. G. Kraft, Lower Providence.
William O'Brien, Pottstown.
Newton E. Wood, Moreland.
Daniel G. Bickel, New Hanover.
David H. Getty, Norristown.
Charles Forst, Conshohocken.
Christian G. Baly, Pottstown.
C. W. Humphries, Lower Merion.
Charles Brown, Whitmarsh.
Mark H. Moran,
Andrew Long, Norristown.
Montgomery Umstead, Lower Pottsgrove.
Walter S. Rhoads, Pottstown.
Henry W. Reiff, Lower Salford.
Harry Hallman, Norristown.
William S. Peltz, Upper Pottsgrove.
Mason M. Yeager, Pottstown.
Jonas Boyer, Upper Salford.
Robert Gees, Cheltenham.
John Miller, Frederick.
John W. Stauffer, Royersford.
Edward A. Mackey, Norristown.
Abraham C. Aliebach, Hatfield.
Joseph Sheldon, Sr., Lower Merion.
John F. Foster, Worcester.
John Kuntz, Norristown.
Charles H. Macknet, Upper Salford.
Thomas Quigley, West Conshohocken.
Albert Pesmire, Moreland.
Benjamin F. Penrose, Cheltenham.
John F. Anderson, Norristown.
Samuel E. Cassel, Skippack.
Solomon K. Grimley, Upper Salford.
Henry Malsberger, Pottstown.
Harry E. Wilbank, Gwynedd.
Cyrus Caley, Upper Merion.
Henry S. Kriebel, Upper Hanover.
Thomas Batty, Norristown.
William H. Martin, Moreland.
John O. Yeomun, Upper Providence.
Marshall T. Hart, Norristown.
Frank S. Mancill, Upper Merion.
Richard Middleton, Lower Merion.
George W. Wood, Frederick.
George W. Holstein, Bridgeport.
John Heacock, Cheltenham.
Thomas Whitman, Pottstown.
Isaac Wagner, Lansdale.
Christian D. Hunsberger, Suderton.
Edward W. Weston, Lower Merion.
Benjamin Anderson, Cheltenham.
Isaac Fry, Norristown.
Michael Burns, Conshohocken.

Trapped by a Woman.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF AN AMATEUR
LADY DETECTIVE.

The History of Margaret Hoffman, even when spread upon paper in cold type, reads like a romance. Deliberately related to the writer by the heroine of that romance herself, a girl who has but just attained her majority, it possessed an extraordinary degree of interest, which the modesty of the relator and her apparent unconsciousness of having done any thing remarkable rather enhances than lessens.

"You find me surrounded now with every luxury," said Miss Hoffman, "but two years ago I was a poor girl in an Illinois country town, earning my daily bread by hard labor. My father had died a year previously. My mother was an incurable invalid. My days were spent in the small dry-goods store where I earned just sufficient to support us. The only relatives I had were a distant cousin in New York and an uncle, my mother's brother, with whom my father had quarreled in early life and to whom our branch of the family had never become reconciled. News reached me one day that this uncle, a moreish old man, had been suddenly stricken with disease, and had expressed a wish to see his only sister and her child. He was very well-to-do. As a prosperous merchant on South Water street he had accumulated a considerable fortune, and it was with renewed hope that mother and I set out for Chicago.

"Upon our arrival here we at once went to the store on South Water street, where we met his partner. He received us with politeness, but informed us, much to our astonishment, that a visit to my uncle's home on the North side could be provocative of no good—in fact, that my uncle was as much set against my mother as ever—in fact, that he had long ago disowned his brother's family, root and branch.

"The source of the information I had regarding my uncle's wishes was of such a reliable character that this extraordinary statement from his partner set me thinking. I could not reconcile it with the expression which had fallen from the lips of the sick man; I would like to see Mary and her little daughter before I die.

"I determined to act at once. I knew my uncle was very sick—not expected to live, in fact. Something in this man's face told me that he lied. The reason was not far to seek. My uncle, as I have said, was a rich man. This

fellow did not want near relatives at hand at such a time. I knew that my uncle had made a will years before. Mr. Samuel Whitney probably figured there prominently, as my uncle was childless. Mr. Whitney did not want the will altered.

"Mother, I said, 'you must go and see what you can do at the house. You must go along. I don't wish Mrs. Whitney to see me. Never mind why.' "I was the stronger of the two. My mother never resisted me. She went, and returned after an hour's absence to say that admittance to her brother's presence was denied her.

"How thankful I was now that I had saved a little money. It enabled us to live in a humble way for two weeks, during which time I issued forth daily on my tours of investigation. I returned home one day with a large bundle, which I unfolded in the presence of my mother. A display of the following articles brought from her pale lips a cry of astonishment. Two coarse calico gowns, one pair heavy cheap shoes, one straw bonnet ornamented with red feathers and blue ribbons, one pair of blue spectacles, one brown wig, two cheek plumpers, a pot rouge, another of powder, a hare foot, such as theatrical people use in their making up and a large red bandana handkerchief.

"Then I announced that I was about to make application for a position as servant in the house of Mr. Whitney, my uncle's partner.

"The next morning there issued forth from the little lodging which had seen the departure day after day of a weary, pale, spiritless, very blonde and quite refined young lady, an uncouth, rosy, buxom servant girl, whose only defect seemed a somewhat weak eyesight, which necessitated at all times the use of spectacles. For an ignorant country girl, she seemed singularly quick and smart in the performance of her household duties. In a week Mrs. Whitney had voted me a treasure. In a month I had sized up every member of the household, and come to the conclusion that Samuel Whitney was one of the greatest villains the world had seen in a long while.

"I had discovered that my uncle was completely in the power of Mr. Whitney and his wife. They alone attended to his wants and gave him his medicine. Not another living soul, except the doctor, was permitted to approach him. Once to my great indignation I heard my mother's name mentioned by the sick man. He had evidently been frequently in the habit of asking for his sister.

"Why does not Mary come and see me?" he was asking.

"I have written to them several times," replied Whitney.

"The liar! Almost I had a mind to tear aside my disguise, rush in, declare myself and comfort him.

"And have spoiled every thing. My uncle had never seen me. While Whitney would have been flattered at first, he would have soon recovered himself, and I should have been ignominiously thrown out of the house.

"Take some more of this medicine," I heard Whitney saying.

"No, no! No more of that. Medicine won't save me. I don't like that stuff, Samuel. I think it does me more harm than good."

"A new light broke in upon my brain. I had heard of such things, but I dismissed the idea as too utterly improbable. Whitney could never be recreating in the nineteenth century the crime peculiar to the age which produced the Borgias—he could not be slowly killing this man by poison.

"But though I dismissed it the idea returned to me with tenfold force that night as I lay in my narrow cot. Although it was long past midnight, I could not sleep. It was a very close, sultry night. I arose and opened the door of my room to have more air.

"As I did so I caught the sound of voices.

"What was that? It was Mrs. Whitney who was speaking.

"Nothing," replied her husband.

"But I heard a noise."

"It is nothing, I tell you; rats or something like that. Go to sleep."

"The Whitneys were lying in bed, awake, and their door was open. Beyond it was the room of the sick man. An irresistible desire to hear further prompted me to steal softly from the room into the passage way. My foot caught in the mat. I could hear Mr. Whitney raise himself up in bed.

"Who's that?" he called out.

"My heart stood still for a moment. 'It's Emma, sir!' I replied.

"What are you doing out in the passage this time of night?" he asked suspiciously.

"Why, I aint in the passage," I replied. "It was hot and I just got up to open the door."

"Well, go back into your room," said Mrs. Whitney, "and don't let me catch you out of it till morning."

"But I would not go back. Something I could not define recalled my suspicions of a previous evening. I felt intuitively that they meditated some evil against my uncle.

"What are you standing there for? Why don't you go back into your room again?" called out Mr. Whitney.

"It was a trying moment. I knew that if I once shut the door I could not reopen it without making some noise, which might lead to suspicions, which suspicion might lead to an investigation of my trunk and effects which would be only sorely discomfiting. Yet as it was I ran an awful risk. I stood here my natural self; no rogue, no wig, no spectacles, just as had risen from my bed. Every dictate of prudence told me to go back; yet an inner consciousness whispered: 'Go forward!'"

"Are you going to stand there all night?" came the exasperated voice of Mr. Whitney.

"No, I'm not," I snapped out; "but it's hard a poor servant gal can't get a breath of fresh air." And I banged the door to with much unnecessary violence, as if I had got out of temper.

"Had I retreated into my room?"

"No. I had resolved to brave every thing. In that brief moment of time there had come a vision to me of my poor helpless uncle in the power of these wretches. I had banged the door to, but I had left myself outside standing in the passage, with beating heart and limb which trembled, for I knew that the flash of a light might reveal me at any moment, and I had learned by this time the desperate character of these people, the Whitneys. Beyond a doubt of it they were slowly poisoning the man whose wealth they coveted.

"It had been impossible to get to the sick chamber; it was too well guarded for that; but I had had to wash some medicine glasses, and had drained into a little vial the contents of one not entirely swallowed. A local druggist whom I took into my confidence had told me it was undoubtedly arsenic.

"Well, that hussy's out of the way," I heard Whitney remark, when I had shut the door. "Do you know, I don't like the looks of that girl. Discharge her!"

"Discharge her!" said Mrs. Whitney. "I won't do that. She's the best girl I've ever had, and she's such a fool, too. I'm sure she suits in every way."

"If I thought she suspected any thing," growled Whitney, "I'd soon settle her. Do you think she's asleep yet?"

"Why, no, give her a little time," replied Mrs. Whitney. "How impatient you are. Wait ten minutes."

"I am impatient; wouldn't you be? Think of all I have put up with from that old dotard in the next room. The years of labor, of weary waiting; the indignities to which he has subjected me; how I have to toady and cringe to him to get a small share in the business. Of course, I'm impatient. Will he never drop off, I wonder. That last dose should have done it."

"All this time I was standing almost paralyzed with an unspeakable horror. An indefinable dread took possession of me, a deadly terror seized upon my heart, my knees trembled, I dared scarcely breathe. To stand alone thus at dead of night and listen to those wretches plotting how to encompass the more speedy death of a helpless man.

"To remain where I was to court discovery, and something told me a horrible death. It was equally impossible to retreat, for the noise of the opening of my room door would be the signal for instant investigation by the already suspicious Whitney, and I had no time to suddenly assume my ordinary disguise. There remained but one course to pursue. It required the exercise of the greatest caution and more courage than I believe I possessed.

"There was a small empty room beyond the apartment of the Whitneys which commanded a full view of the sick man's chamber. Once there I should be comparatively safe.

"But to reach it I must pass the door of the room where the Whitneys lay.

"Carefully poised myself I essayed to pass across the intervening space. Slowly I advanced, moving first one limb and then another, hardly daring to breathe, and feeling forward with my hands outstretched lest I should suddenly encounter some unexpected obstacle.

"I had safely passed the open door of the Whitneys' chamber, when I became confused, and in the utter darkness lost my way. Vainly I stretched out my hands. At last to my great joy they fell upon a door handle. I turned it softly and noiselessly and entered. As quickly and as noiselessly I closed it. There was a dull light in the room. I looked around and by its rays saw that by mistake I had entered the apartment of my sick uncle.

"He was broad awake and sitting up in bed staring at me with two glaring, awful eyes. The living image of my mother, as he had known her in her youth, and clad in my white night robe, his diseased and distorted imagination completed the illusion.

"Mary," he gasped, "do not come to reproach me."

"Hush!" I whispered, hastening to the bed side. "Hush, uncle! Do not make a noise, for God's sake."

"He trembled violently. 'I do not understand,' he said, vaguely, as one in a dream. His terror seemed to have departed at the touch of my hand.

"Listen," I said. "I am not Mary, your sister. I am her daughter. We heard you were very ill and wished to see us, so mother and I came to town. We have been here for weeks trying to see you, but they kept us away. Don't be frightened at what I am going to tell you. The Whitneys are not your friends. They are giving you improper medicine. Don't take it, uncle, for Heaven's sake. It's poison!"

"Poison! Oh! you don't mean that; and Sam Whitney, too, my old partner?"

"Yes, uncle, I do mean it, and I'm here at the risk of my life to tell you. Hark, he's coming now to give you your medicine. Pretend to take it, but don't swallow it. It's arsenic."

"A dreadful expression passed over the face of the old man; but even in that moment he thought of my safety. 'Hide, child, hide,' he whispered, and he pointed to the closet.

"From there I witnessed what confirmed my suspicions. It was Samuel Whitney who poured the draught which my uncle pretended and did not drink. Subsequent analysis has you know proved it to be a most deadly poison. Horror stricken at the enormity of this man's crime, with the knowledge that instant death awaited the penetration of my disguise, I awaited only the coming of daylight to pick a quarrel with my mistress, which resulted in my instant dismissal. I left her house to report at police headquarters, but something had alarmed the Whitneys. When the officers reached the house the birds had flown.

"My uncle has been dead a year. My mother, sole heir of his considerable estates, lives surrounded, as you see, by every luxury. As I am only twenty-two, and am quite wealthy in my own right, I presume I am to be envied."

Austin W. Gravelle, in Chicago Journal.

Beef Extract.

We may, for convenience, divide the factory into three departments: First pressing; second, bottling; and third, finishing. To the first of these, supplies of the choicest parts of the ox are brought in the morning of every working day straight from the shambles. It is at once cut up into succulent steaks, each of which gets a slight sprinkling of table salt, is then inclosed in a new muslin bag and an outer canvas bag, and with dozens more is placed between the perforated metallic plate of an hydraulic press. When the company commenced work, they were content with a press which took a charge of about 100 steaks at a time, but they have had to meet a greater consumption than was anticipated, so that lately they have installed an exceedingly powerful press, which would do perfectly for making bales of cotton, and this is tested to give a pressure of 400 tons. When the pile of steaks is put on the receiver, the whole is surrounded with a jacket (iced in the summer), and the pressure applied. We need not follow the process too minutely; it is so simple. The juice as it is collected is mixed

with an innocuous preservative, set aside for a month to clear, and then transferred to the bottling department. Here the liquor is filled into bottles by a syphon arrangement, so that the liquid comes into contact with as little air as possible; and the bottles when filled are transferred to a separate building, where they are corked, capped, labeled and boxed. Our traveler observed that a girl examined each bottle before it was passed on to the capsuler, and any one which showed a speck of suspended matter, or was in the least cloudy, was set aside. It was explained that this is part of the principle of manufacture; the liquor is the pure juice of beef, and in order that it may keep, the most rigid attention must be given to exclude foreign matter from it, and, as far as our representative could judge, the principle was adhered to throughout. And what becomes of the pressed steaks? Well, they are like cardboard when they come out of the press, and as dry as a stick.—Chem. and Druggist.

Laziness a Foe to Originality.

We do not know who said it, but it is a fact well stated, and we regret not being able to give the writer proper credit. The great enemy to individualism is laziness, and those who know anything of human frailties will, I am sure, bear me out when I say that "mental" laziness is far more common and far more difficult to overcome than that of the body. It is so much easier to accept dogmatic teaching, and to shift the responsibility of our views on to others rather than to concentrate our thoughts and to work out the lessons of our own observations. It is much more pleasant to butterfly from theory to theory than to seek truth with patient tenacity; why trouble ourselves to learn self-reliance, when natural indolence protests against the sacrifice?

It is easier to imitate than to originate; plagiarism and mimicry are such prominent features in our lives, that their presence might almost be quoted as an argument in favor of our evolution in past ages from simian ancestry. How plausible are the excuses we make for our want of this individualism! We are so dreadfully afraid of being thought bumptious, we are so delightfully humble, we really do not wish to intrude our opinion, and yet all the brightest lights of our profession have been men of strong individualism.

White Wives in Japan.

Like the Chinese, and, in fact, every other Asiatic race, the Japanese entertain no respect for women, whom they regard as creatures of inferior intelligence, resembling brutes in being without a soul. Thus it is almost impossible to bring any untraveled Japanese to comprehend the deference which the men of civilized nations pay to women. The latter, in his eyes, are solely fitted to act as servants—nay, even as the slaves—of the stronger sex. Seldom, if ever, is the wife permitted to sit at the table with her husband, no matter how high her rank may be, and when admitted to his presence, she is forced by etiquette to approach in the same manner as the domestics, namely, on all fours, with repeated prostrations. Imagine a young and delicately nurtured American girl, such as for instance, the fair Quakeress of Philadelphia, who has always been accustomed to the most thorough deference and courtesy, thrown for the first time among a set of men such as the untraveled friends of her Japanese husband—men who are devoid of every feeling, not alone of civilized respect for her sex, but even of the most elementary notions of civilized decency. Anybody who has lived among the Japanese, as I have—not as a mere tourist under the tutelage of an interpreter, but in direct contact and understanding their language—will bear me out when I assert that it is impossible for a white woman to live among the natives in Japan without having every feeling of womanly respect and delicacy outraged and, in the course of time, completely blunted.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

An Immense Cold Storage Plant.

A notable event in connection with the transportation of perishable freight was the laying, on November 13, in Chicago, of the corner stone of the new building of the Chicago Cold Storage Exchange. The building when completed will be the largest in Chicago, exceeding even the Auditorium, and it is to be the largest building of its kind in the world. It will consist of two buildings extending the entire length from West Lake street to West Randolph street. They will be united by an arcade, under which the railroad tracks will run. The length of each will be 382 feet, the width of the eastern building 70 and the western 85 feet. The dimensions of the West Water street arcade are 75 by 382 feet, and the cold storage place arcade 36 by 382 feet. Each building will be composed of a basement and ten stories, insulated, piped, and fully equipped, affording three large stores, each 76 feet deep, fronting on Lake street, and twenty brokers' and commission offices 35 feet deep on the first floor above. The lowest story on the river front will be thrown open, supported by steel columns, thus giving ample facilities for loading or unloading vessels. The total cost of the entire buildings, including the purchase of the business of the Chicago Refrigerating Warehouse Co., will be \$1,390,000. The estimated cost on steam plant, elevating and electric service, refrigerating and ice plant is \$475,000. In excavating 200,000 cubic yards of earth will have to be removed, and the foundation will require 9,000 piles and 1,250,000 feet of oak timber.—Railway Review.

The Force of Habit.

HOW A SAILOR ON A MAN-OF-WAR OBTAINED HIS SMOKE.

It was after a dinner at Young's. A well-known Commonwealth avenue physician had been dining with a few professional cronies, and as the cigars were lighted the talk drifted to the tobacco habit, first, in its effect upon the race at large, and then in its peculiar effects upon various individuals.

"I know a man," said the elder physician, "whose income, by the way, runs into five figures; in fact, he is now in my employ, who is the victim of the strangest whims in regard to the use of the weed that ever came under my observation. He is a Scotchman, about sixty years old. Twelve years ago he deserted from the English navy and came to this country, when I gave him place as coachman.

"One morning I went into the stable and noticed that a hole about two feet square had been cut in a partition between two stalls and a little shelf had been nailed up underneath it. I wondered what on earth it had been done for, but Donald was away at the time, and when he came back it had slipped my mind.

"It was as much as a week afterward before I had occasion to go into the stable again, and when I did I found Donald standing on a stool, leaning his elbow on the shelf, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, smoking away like a good one, and blowing the smoke through the little window he had cut. Upon my questioning him he told me that of the twenty years he had passed in Her Majesty's service, ten of it had been on board a powder ship, where the rules against smoking were very strict.

"During all this time he had been accustomed four times a day to stand upon a chest and lean out of a port-hole to smoke, so that no one would smell him, and when at last he took French leave he found that he could not get satisfaction out of a pipe unless indulged in the old posture, and so, from that day to this, you can find him after each meal, and for half an hour before going to bed, standing on that stool blowing his smoke through the little window."—Boston Herald.

Poisoned by Tobacco.

William Bird, the lad of 18 who is now under treatment in the Gouverneur Hospital for tobacco poisoning, due to cigarette smoking, may not recover, and is likely to be mantally weak for the rest of his life if he does live. He began to smoke about four years ago, and in the course of time he got to smoking as many as three or four packages of cigarettes a day. When cigarettes were kept away from him he smoked a pipe. He not only smoked all day, but often went to bed with a cigarette in his mouth, and more than once narrowly escaped being burned in consequence.—New York Sun.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, January 22, 1891.

ROBERT E. PATTISON, Tuesday, was sworn in for the second time as Governor of the State of Pennsylvania. The demonstrations, civic and military, attending the inaugural ceremony, were extensive and imposing. Harrisburg was in holiday attire, and the principal hotels and numerous private residences were beautifully decorated. Chief Justice Paxson administered the oath of office. Governor Pattison's inaugural address was well received and met with frequent applause. He referred to the necessity of stamping out the use of money in corrupting voters, and declared emphatically in favor of a free and secret ballot.

THE population of Pennsylvania, as prepared by the Census Bureau at Washington, is 5,358,014; quite an extensive family. Montgomery is credited with a population of 123,290; Chester, 89,327; Berks, 137,327; Bucks, 70,615; Philadelphia, 1,046,964; Lancaster, 149,095; Allegheny, 551,959.

A CUSTOM HOUSE fraud has been discovered in the Appraiser's office, Philadelphia, whereby the government is out about \$15,000 on sugar delivered to Mr. Speckels. An exhaustive investigation is promised, and if the investigation doesn't exhaust itself somebody will doubtless be found guilty. Mr. Speckels should assist Collector Cooper in his probings.

THE Free Coinage Bill passed the U. S. Senate, Wednesday last week, by a vote of 33 to 27. We trust this measure will not become a law. The free coinage of silver will tend to inflate the currency and place a premium upon gold. This country has had enough of that sort of experience.

AND Cameron was re-elected United States Senator by a majority of Senators and Representatives at Harrisburg, Tuesday.

The efforts made to defeat him were somewhat similar to the action of the man who locked the stable-door after the horse was stolen.

The majority of the Republicans of the Legislature were instructed by Cameron before the dear people elected them.

The total vote in both branches was: Cameron, 144; Black, 94; Taggart, 7; Flood, 3; White, 1; Sibley, 1.

THERE was a little hubbub in the Senate at Harrisburg, last week, in the matter of confirming the nominations by Governor Beaver and the nominations to be made by Governor Pattison. The Democrats were at first disposed to oppose Governor Beaver's nominations. It was finally agreed that all nominations should be justly considered without partisan opposition. Ordinary mortals, not under the influence of political quackery, naturally wonder why the agreement was not made at once and without sharp practices.

THE Republicans of Philadelphia have nominated Edwin S. Stuart for Mayor. Ex-Mayor Smith, the once "dandy Mayor" of the Times, was knocked clear overboard. The nomination of Mr. Stuart is received with general favor and his election is quite probable. Mayor Fidler's greatness, as Mayor, is not a measureable quantity. Editor McClure has frequently indulged in a series of abuse calculations in estimating his Majesty's influential force but, aside from titling him His Royal Highness the Lord Mayor, he doesn't seem to have reached a very definite solution.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the eminent historian, died at Washington Saturday evening, in his 91st year. He was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, and he will be buried in his native city. Mr. Bancroft's public service was long and varied, and the contributions to the literature of his time numerous. Yet he will be chiefly remembered for his "History of the United States," a work which clearly entitled him to a foremost place among the noted historians of his century. Aside from his literary work, he was Collector of the Port of Boston under Van Buren; Secretary of the Navy under Polk; from 1846 to 1849 he was Minister to Great Britain, and in 1871 to the German Empire.

A DISPATCH from London, Sunday, says: "Reports of snow-storms and increasing cold weather come from various parts of the continent. In France, the Gironde is covered with ice floes, and heavy snow-storms are reported in

various sections of the country. Communication between Lyons and Savoy is completely cut off, all the roads being blocked by snow. Trains from Switzerland are about eight hours behind time. The Rhone is frozen over, with the exception of a narrow channel in mid-stream. In Paris the weather is unusually severe, the mercury having fallen to 18 degrees above zero. In Switzerland also the weather is very cold. The port of Geneva is completely blocked by ice. From Germany come similar reports."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1891.

Senator Ingalls made a strong bid this week for the support of the Farmers Alliance legislature of his State in one of the most powerful and interesting speeches he ever made in the Senate. He ripped the millionaire monopolist from stem to stern in a series of as brilliant and clear-cut invectives as were ever delivered on the floor of the Senate, and it was simply impossible for the officials of that body to keep down the applause which constantly burst forth anew as the Senator made point after point, each more telling than the last against the present condition of things in this country, which he said: "We are accustomed to speak of as the land of the free and the home of the brave, and which will soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave."

Referring to the late election he said: "It was neither a democratic victory nor a republican defeat. It was a great uprising independent of and superior to both political parties. It was a crisis that may become a catastrophe. It was a peaceful revolution." Speaking of the free coinage of silver, he said: "I have not the slightest doubt that a great majority of the people, irrespective of party, are in favor of the free coinage of silver and have been for the past fifteen years. They have been paltered with, in a double sense, and their will has been thwarted, defied and contemptuously trodden under foot. Warnings and admonitions have been plenty in this debate, but I will say to those who are arraying themselves against the deliberately expressed judgment of the American people—I will say to the Senate, to the House and to the Executive—that there will come a time when the people will not be trifled with on this subject. Some time the people will elect a House of Representatives, a Senate and a President who will carry out party pledges and execute the popular will. The political power of the nation has been transferred from the circumference to the center, and the people of that center are unanimously demanding free coinage of silver." No speech delivered in the Senate during the last ten years was more attentively listened to than that of Mr. Ingalls, who is at all times an interesting speaker, but on this occasion he seemed fairly aflame with his subject, and predictions are being made by both his friends and enemies—both classes are numerous—that this speech will send him back to the Senate.

In spite of the extraordinary efforts of the administration to defeat it a free coinage bill as a substitute for the Financial bill was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 39 to 27. Finding it impossible to defeat silver legislation a determined attempt was made at the last moment to get the support of the free coinage men for a compromise amendment. Senator Gorman was the active head of this movement which is believed to have been the result of an agreement between him and the anti-silver republicans, but it was no go. Silver was king for the time being, and right royal was the regal scepter maintained.

Will it, can it be passed by the House? Is now the question everywhere. It is a question much easier asked than answered. It is generally admitted by even the staunchest anti-silver men that at least three-fifths of the members of the House are strongly in favor of free coinage, and yet there is a doubt of the bill passing that body. Why? Because it is in the power of Speaker Reed and the committee on Rules, of which he is the dominating spirit, to prevent the bill ever reaching a vote in the House, and of course it cannot pass without being voted upon. There is a hope, however, on the part of the silver people that Mr. Reed may not see fit to exercise his power, but so far as I can learn it is based upon a rather unstable foundation—Mr. Reed's dislike of Mr. Harrison and his willingness to allow the bill to pass in order to compel the President either to veto it or to go back on his oft expressed opinions on the subject, believing that in either event Mr. Harrison's re-nomination by his party will be killed.

By a very close vote, 34 to 33, Vice President Morton casting the deciding vote, the Senate has again taken up the Election bill.

The consensus of opinion among Congressmen is that England made a big blunder in taking the Behring Sea matter to the Supreme Court over the head, as it were, of the executive branch of our Government, and it is believed that the Court will refuse to take any action in the matter. Republicans are delighted; because they believe the strong anti-British feeling already aroused will be beneficial to their party. But aside from any political feeling, we are all Americans, and as such must feel resentment at the insult, for such it undoubtedly is, that the British government has given our Executive.

A minority report, signed by Senators Berry, Dawes and Blodgett, favoring an additional member of Congress for Arkansas, Minn. Mo. and New York, has been made to the Senate on the Apportionment bill. Present indications are that the bill will pass the Senate as it came from the House.

Roger Donaherty, of Lancaster, lost \$40 on this street, 35 years ago. On Tuesday he received a letter containing \$50, with the explanation that the

writer was on his death bed, his conscience troubled him, and that he desired to return the money, and a little interest, that he had found so many years ago.

Explosion of Natural Gas.

TWO WOMEN KILLED.

FINDLAY, OHIO, Jan. 18.—Two dead, three dying and four badly injured is the record of the disaster, this afternoon resulting from the use of natural gas. The whole city was rocked as if by an earthquake. The scene of the explosion was the Hotel Marvin. Escaping gas in the dining room, a lighted match, is the brief story. The building was partially wrecked and the wildest consternation prevailed among the occupants of the hotel. Had the accident occurred ten minutes later the loss of lives would have been fearful, as the dining room would have been filled with the people who were awaiting the announcement that dinner was ready.

Nominations Confirmed.

BEAVER AND PATTISON TREATED ALIKE BY THE ENTIRE SENATE.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20.—The agreement between the Republican and Democratic Senators was fully carried out this afternoon in the confirmation of all of Governor Beaver's appointments and similar action on the nominations made by his successor. There was a little breeze on the five nominations of the retiring Governor for trustees of the Hazleton Hospital on account of the opposition of Senator Hines, who said that the industrial classes should have had more representation on the board. The Senator, however, informed his colleagues that he did not expect them to vote with him against these people and they took him at his word.

Pennsylvania's Coal Output.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Superintendent Porter to-day issued a bulletin giving the productions of the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania. It says: "The total production of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania during the calendar year 1889 was 40,665,153 tons of 2,240 pounds, value at the mines at \$65,518,265. In the above 35,816,876 tons is included unsalable sizes temporarily stacked at convenient points near the mines and tonnage loaded into cars, but not passed over railroad scales, as well as waste in rehandling in the various processes of cleaning the smaller sizes.

The quantity reported by the transportation companies as actually carried to market, which is the usual basis for statistics of shipments, was 35,407,710 tons during the year 1889; 1,329,580 tons were used by employees and sold to local trade in the vicinity of the mines and 3,518,696 tons were reported as consumed for steam and heating purposes in and about the mines.

-\$44.00- Housekeeping - Outfit!

We publish below a full list of articles included in a sample outfit. This, the first of a number of such lists, all at different prices, that we are going to publish, contains only such articles as no family, whether just beginning or already established, can do without in our civilized America.

It is to be remembered that these lists as published are ONLY SAMPLE OUTFITS, and are arranged for the benefit of buyers, partly to give an idea of what they ought to get for their money, and partly to save them the time and worry of making lists of their own. We are ready and willing to sell out in all respects as persons may want them without any regard whatever for the list: we cheerfully give all buyers the privilege of choosing for themselves from the entire stock, and do not, by publishing these lists, mean to give the impression that we wish people to buy strictly according to the lists.

List of Articles for \$44.

- FURNITURE:
- 1 Painted Bed Room Suit, 4 pieces.
 - 1 Wood-Seat Kitchen Chair.
 - 1 Kitchen Bocker.
 - 1 Drop Leaf Table.
- DISHES:
- 3 doz. Plates (large).
 - 15 " (small).
 - 3 Butter Dishes.
 - 3 Long Bad Irons.
 - 1 Set Teas.
 - 1 Sugar.
 - 1 Teapot.
 - 2 Meat Plates.
 - 1 Yellow Bowl.
 - 1 Dish.
 - 3 doz. Tumblers.
 - 1 Salt and Pepper Boxes.
- UTENSILS:
- Butcher Knife.
 - Knives and Forks.
 - Tea and Table Spoons.
 - Sad Irons.
 - 3 Tubs.
 - Hand Brush.
 - Stove Brush.
 - Broom.
 - Bucket.
 - Coffee Mill.
 - Rolling Pin.
 - Maisher.

- DRY GOODS:
- 3 Yards Medium Table Linen.
 - 3 " Common "
 - 3 " Toweling.
 - 15 " Sheetting.
 - 8 " Pillow Cases.
 - 4 " Bed Ticking (Feather).
 - 4 " " (Straw).
 - 3 lbs. 2nd Quality Geese Feathers.
 - 41 yds. Good Calico.
 - (To make one quilt and two comforts.)
 - 12 lbs. Cotton Batting.

Of course, this attention is not given to outfits at the expense of the business in general. The stock is as full and varied as was usual at this season in the past, if not more so. Just to mention a few items: CARPETS—Rags, from 31 to 48c. a yard; Ingrain, from 30 to 65c; Brussels, from 65c. on up.

Notice that the rise in prices in Carpets has not taken place here.

WINDOW SHADES: Spring Fixtures Complete, light and dark colors, at from 25 to 50c. each.

Another Large Lot of 3c. Calico Coming.

If you want a choice, come soon.

We allow a 3 per cent. discount for cash.

KULP & WAGNER,
GRATER'S FORD, PA.

Extensive Fire.

2500 HANDS THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

A fire which resulted in a loss of over a million dollars' worth of property and in throwing out of work about 2500 people, broke out in the main building of John and James Dobson's mills, Falls of Schuylkill, shortly before 10 o'clock Friday night. The fire originated in the dry house, on the third floor, over the engine house, south of the main building, it is supposed from spontaneous combustion. The main building of the three burned was about 600 feet long by 250 feet wide. It was of stone and six stories high. John and James Dobson are among the largest manufacturers in the country. They have a group of sixteen or seventeen mills, covering about twelve or fifteen acres. Nearly all the mills are connected by bridges and many of them are built adjoining each other. Where they are separated it is generally by an alley or driveway about twenty or thirty-five feet wide. They are of different heights running from one to six stories in heights. The burnt mills were almost in the heart of this settlement.

From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whisky which will retail at \$16. The government gets \$3.60, the farmer gets 40 cents, the railroad gets \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the consumer gets drunk. Again it is illustrated that in this cruel world the heaviest burden and the least profit falls upon the poor consumer.—E.x.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR—

Good - Goods.

Dry Goods in Extended Variety

Medicated Flannels, Shirting, Flannels, Domestic and Canton Flannels, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear.

Hats and Caps! Boots and Shoes!

Floor and Table Oil Cloths.

Our Groceries are of the Best and Cheapest. Call and be convinced.

Apples, Cranberries, Mince Meat, &c. Dried Fruits, Raisins, Grapes, Peaches, Prunes, Apricots and Prunells. Canned Corn and Tomatoes.

Dry Goods, Gingham, Calicoes

Chivots, Table Linens and Towels.

Spool Cotton, 4c. Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Chains, Breast Pins, full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

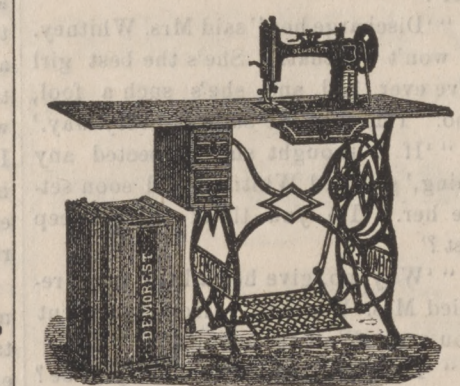
Good Raisins, 7c. Good Peaches, 8c.

Dried Grapes, 7c. Headlight Oil, 10c.

Yours truly,

Beaver & Shellenberger,
TRAPPE, PA.

JUST THINK OF IT!



A DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE

FOR \$19.50.

(USUAL PRICE \$55.00.) with all attachments. Money refunded if not as represented.

Direct from the manufacturers the

Snag - Proof Gum Boot!

No better made; every pair warranted to give satisfaction. Full stock of

Fred's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.

Our ladies \$1.68 buttoned kid shoe has no equal. Fine kid infant shoes only 35c.

DRY GOODS:

Remnants of Canton flannel, 2 to 15 yards, only 10c. yd. Would cost you 12 1/2c. if cut from piece. Calicoes of the best quality for quilting, 6c. yd. Fast color gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. Cheysies, good, 4 yds. for 25c. 4 yds. toweling for 25c. An elegant feather bed ticking, 15c. yd. All-wool bed blankets, very cheap, \$2.95. Home blankets from 75c. to \$3.00. You should see our 35c. Cassimeres, half-wool. Quilting cotton, 10 to 15c. lb.

HATS AND CAPS.—Latest styles gents' stiff and soft hats for fall and winter. An elegant Derby hat for \$1.80. A good every-day wool hat for 25c. Large assortment of neckwear, underwear, &c. A big drive in 28 inch umbrellas, 75c. Zellerbach hand-knit jackets are here at \$2.50 and \$3.00.

W. P. FENTON,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

LADIES, GRAND - DEPOT

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW PATENT

Dress Hooks - Eyes

They hold the eye with absolute security and yet are easily adjusted, strong and durable, and are manufactured in silver, black and drab. Price, 15 cents a card of two dozen. The need only to be seen to win instant acceptance.

Capes and Short Coats

For Ladies and Children.

We have been particularly fortunate in securing the Choicest Patterns of this season's greatest novelties, and at prices that will make these stylish garments easily within your reach. All our Capes are the new pointed fronts and high sleeve patterns, the round front, low sleeve ones being now old style.

Our new garments are in Astracan, Plush, Fur and other materials. We call particular attention to a Black Cheviot, Jacket, double-breasted, tight fitting.

A perfect-fitting, wide-wale Reefer Jacket, single-breasted.

A particular dressy appearance is made by the Reefer Vest Jacket.

Jackets with vests are in great demand, and we show some very neat styles.

A striking novelty for children is a combination of

Coat with School Bag

Of the same material. The school bag is given with the coat, and together the effect is rich and striking.

CARPETS!

Where all the best selections and prettiest patterns, from the best makers, are shown on a large floor space in good light.

Notable -- Bargains!

We name in the Underwear Department

Ladies' Ribbed Vests, 17 Cents.

Better Heavy Ribbed Vests, 25 Cents.

These are for Ladies, and our supply covers all regular sizes.

4420 Yards Silk Ribbon, 12 Cents.

Sizes 12 and 16; guaranteed all silk; all colors, and shown in No. 76 window. A great offering; only matched by the fact that the same grade of No. 9 Ribbon is sold at 10 cents per yard. We are fortunate in being able to offer this bargain. You in being able to get it.

-- Dress Goods --

In greater assortment than ever, and at the old prices, which were "always the lowest." A big line of Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges, etc. Various patterns of silks and velvets, 6 Gros Grains, Paille Francaise, in black and colors. Latest novelties in Brocades, Strips, Plaids, and latest effects in Velvets and Plushes.

QUAKER DOLLS!

Little Lord Fauntleroy Dolls and other attractive novelties. A full line that are meeting with great favor.

L. H. Brendlinger,

Leading Dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, Trimmings and Books,

Nos. 76, 78, 80 and 82 Main Street,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

FIRE -- SMOKE!

LEOPOLD'S

Saved thousands of dollars' worth

of goods from their burning store

which were not damaged except by

smoke. In order to sell them out

quickly we have leased the store

room recently occupied by L. Prizer

and have bought their entire stock

of fine millinery and notions. All

these goods will now be sold at about

half price and will be such an opportunity for bargains as seldom

occurs.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS

At a quarter to one half price.

Greatest bargains ever shown in

Pottstown at

Leopold's New Store:

254 HIGH ST.,

POTTSTOWN, PA.

WILBUR J. MAUGER,

(SUCCESSOR TO DANIEL SHULER.)

Furnishing - Undertaker,

Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Undertaking in All Its Branches

WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Coffins and Caskets of all description on hand and furnished at short notice. Chairs furnished for use at funerals free of charge.

Will meet trains at Collegeville, Royersford, and Spring City.

Telegraph Office—Collegeville, Pa.

Will have the assistance of Mr. Shuler at all funerals.

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